

Blues in the Night

Frank Sinatra

My mama done tol' me, when I was in knee-pants
My mama done tol' me, " Son a woman'll sweet talk"
And give ya the big eye, but when the sweet talkin's done
A woman's a two-face, A worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing
the blues in the night
Now the rain's a-fallin', hear the train's a-callin, "Whoeee!"
(My mama done tol' me) Hear dat lonesome whistle blowin' 'cross
the trestle, "Whoeee!"
(My mama done tol' me)

A-whoeee-ah-whoeee ol' clickety-clack's a-
echoin' back th' blues in the night
The evenin' breeze'll start the trees to cryin'
And the moon'll hide its light when you get the blues in the ni
ght
Take my word, the mockingbird'll sing the saddest kind o' song,
He knows things are wrong, and he's right
From Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe, wherever the f
our winds blow
I been in some big towns an' heard me some big talk, but there
is one thing I know
A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing
the blues in the night
My mama was right, there's blues in the night.